

# Gil Farrington

on the Devil's Plain

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EXT. REMOTE WINTER DESERT - EARLY AFTERNOON

SUPER: 1871, The Old West

On tired horses, two riders trudge overcast mountains.

The younger, GIL FARRINGTON, 36, mounts with confidence and relaxation. He surveys with intelligence; his stubbly beard and short blonde hair retain valor despite travels.

His longrider coat shows little wear.

The second rider, PETE, is older, scruffy, on a dun. He scans the waste. "Well, Farrington: there's a ghost town up yonder. If ya don't mind, I'm gonna roll me a cig and nap a spell."

Gil pats his horse. "As you wish, Peter. But I *am* on a schedule, so let's be brief, shall we? We should quickly rest the horses, as well."

Farrington is British, his accent is Upper RP or "Posh".

"Don't go gettin' impatient, Englishman. We'll get you where you're goin', by sundown."

"Let us hope." They continue, enter—

EXT. DESECRATED RUINS - EARLY AFTERNOON

A ghost town. Abnormal, for certain.

Each building bears a coat of black paint. Where billboards once read "Saloon" and "General Store" biblical scriptures are raggedly brushed in brilliant white. Braziers and sconces of bizarre, multi-colored fire stand on and amongst the structures. Unseen wind chimes tinkle.

Pete: "Look at this. Ain't never seen the like!" Farrington's on alert, keeps an eye out. He says, "Part of an ever curious world, I suppose."

POV: INTERCUTS— Pete and Gil secretly observed.

Gil opens his saddlebags. Many books. Pete: "Don't suppose you've got a bible with them poetry books, do ya?" Gil does. He grabs it, searches for Revelation 16:16, which is painted ahead on the biggest building:

"...and they gathered them together to the place, which is in Hebrew called *Har-Magedon*. Well. Fascinating."

GUNSHOTS ravage Pete. He's killed. More shots take Farrington's hat from his head. In a flurry, Gil reins to—

A nearby alley, where a rifle breaks through a window above. Gil pulls a gold-plated shotgun from his saddle, blows the RIFLEMAN violently backward.

More shots as Gil heads to the rear of the closest building. Gil dismounts, leaves his golden shotgun, runs to—

#### INT. DESERTED BARBER SHOP

An armed MEXICAN BANDIT—in black robes and a black bandanna with white bible scriptures—springs from darkness. Gil defeats him with a throwing knife. Gil then pulls his own immaculate .44 Liberty revolver, runs upstairs to—

#### ABANDONED BEDROOM

Gil surprises an ASIAN RIFLEMAN at a window, dressed like the former bandit with black robe and a scripture bandana.

Gil: "This pistol will be your undoing if I don't get the proper information. Consider it a symbol of—"

Farrington's grabbed from behind by a WHITE GUY of size, also robed and with bandanna. He and Gil scuffle incredibly, during which Asian Rifleman squeezes a shot, hits White Guy in error.

Asian guy tries a reload, but his rifle jams. He's then disabled with a piston-like Farrington punch.

Gil attempts to question the Asian crazy, but the man bolts past and breaks through a closed window, falling to the ground below. Amid shattered glass he gets up, shakes his head comically, hits the trail to the *Revelation 16:16* building at the front of town.

Farrington sees, runs—

#### DOWNSTAIRS

—opens the back door, thinks he's free.

He's wrong.

More bandanaed crazies—a tremendously FAT WHITE FELLOW, an axe-bearing BLACK DUDE, and a skinny RED WIG-WEARING WHACK JOB—barge the door.

Brief fight, wherein the Fat Guy gets axed by the Black Dude thanks to Gil's counter-maneuvers.

Black Dude runs off, Gil lifts the red wig from the Whack. Gil: "I couldn't trounce a lady." Gil knocks him cold.

EXT. GHOST TOWN - MID-AFTERNOON

Behind buildings, Gil returns to his horse, kindly makes sure it's fine, then grabs his trusted golden shotgun.

Gil moves near the biggest structure, where the Asian Rifleman ran. Once a sizable saloon, it sits menacing and gothic against shadowed skies.

There's an outhouse here. Gil opens, sets a slow-burning fire with paper, stalks to—

INT. QUASI-CHURCH SALOON

Elaborate cathedral-esque interior, built of saloon remnants. Incense, filtered sunbeams, barstools and tables arranged church-style. Half-shattered booze bottles filled with wax and lit as candles. A grand chandelier spinning very slightly from the heat. Colors and reflections of hallowed zeal.

At a table room center sits a WILD-HAIRED OLD MAN, his back to Farrington. Old man fumbles with something. Gil levels his shotgun. "I'd appreciate your putting to rest whatever it is you're doing there."

The old man ignores and then speaks, a sort of flute-solo voice of Southern US cordiality: "Why sure, stranger. Why don't ya come an' sit for a bit? Rest yourself."

Behind Farrington TWO CRAZY MEN, more headbands and robes, lock-back their pistol hammers. Now trapped, Gil's forced to drop his weapons and sit. He converses with this old ring-leader of the crazies. His name is *Megiddo*.

Gil gathers that Megiddo and his cohorts were members of a remote penal colony. During transit from one station to another, Megiddo managed to kill their wagon driver. He then released his fellow crazies, called them "His Own."

They migrated to this ghost town, where they've survived the last four months. "And as you can see," says Megiddo, "all types and kinds are welcome."

Megiddo asks Farrington why he, a foreigner, came to the region. Gil smiles. "Something quite negative's due to occur. Actually, I myself am responsible."

A pause, then Gil continues: "And if I don't *attend* the problem, you'll certainly feel the unfortunate consequence...as will the rest of this continent."

Megiddo gently smiles, produces a deck of playing cards and a fine Arabic scimitar (curved sword). Gil's pulled into a game for his life.

He balks: "Not this cliché, sir." Megiddo smiles. "Son, I myself *invented* the scenario."

Hands are dealt, Gil wins easily. But by Megiddo's twisted code, winning is actually *losing*.

"Fire!"

The outhouse Gil sabotaged now burns free. In the split-second distraction Gil grabs the scimitar, incites a two-story gun and sword melee: Chandelier swings, balcony leaps, a collapsing staircase.

In the end only Megiddo survives, cowering beneath a curtain.

Gil's arm's been grazed. He bleeds, grabs Megiddo, moves to exit. Then Gil catches a putrid whiff. He enters—

#### INT. PAGAN CHAMBER

A pocket of some hideous order, where rituals of arcane and sickening premise were struck.

On the floor room center is a "black hole" of soundless night. Winds blow scattered leaves up through the portal. Stars can be seen. Bewildered, Gil turns and finds a rather large and primitive rotisserie with pots and bellows.

Behind a shredded Paisley canvas, he comes on the chained and rotted remains of several humans. From the looks of it, the men were carved as cattle and then eaten, bit by bit.

Farrington's wrenched, more so when he finds a gangrenous form barely alive. Gasps the found man: "Please... Death." Gil is merciful, ends the chap's torture.

Gil's shaky and angered, demands explanation from Megiddo for the room's origin. Megiddo swears it was here before he arrived. Gil is troubled and of course doesn't believe him.

Gil finds a rope, sits the old man down and binds him. "Well, Mr. *Megiddo*. If what I think has actually happened, you'll not have to worry about regional justice. Or living."

Across the room, Gil sees a small case of dynamite.

He grabs and lights a set of double sticks and lays them aside the "black hole." Fuse burning, Gil rests.

"Here we'll sit till I hear what I ask: Who is responsible for all this, and where are they?"

Fuse growing shorter, Megiddo pleads ignorance. A bump sounds from an adjacent room.

Gold shotgun leveled, Farrington moves to—

INT. RED LIGHT BOUDOIR

—where he finds a WOMAN chair-bound and gagged. She's starved and beaten, her hair and complexion filthy.

The woman's eyes light as Gil moves closer. Gil starts to untie her when Megiddo screams.

*The dynamite!*

There's no time to free the woman, so he grabs her, chair and all. They run (Megiddo hops), winding up—

EXT. FRONT OF DEMI-CHURCH SALOON - MID-AFTERNOON

—where they dive for cover!

The woman is lain on her side as the saloon explodes. Debris falls. Farrington unties the woman. She suddenly lunges, grabs Gil's pistol, runs off.

She dashes to Megiddo, raises the six. Gil runs behind, grapples the weapon from her. "Let go of me!" she screams. She right uppercuts Gil's jaw. The pistol drops in the dirt. "Let me kill him! Please!"

Gil: "His fate will come. Somehow. Please: Calm yourself."

She breaks to tears. Gil comforts her, asks her name. "Olivia Van Heston. Thanks to him, the last Van Heston."

Gil: "We have to leave this place." She's hesitant. Farrington tells her of a mine he's in search of. "I believe it's south. But after losing my guide, I'm not really sure."

TIME CUT TO: EXT. DEMI-CHURCH SALOON - MID-AFTERNOON

Megiddo is strapped to poor Pete's dun; Olivia is mounted on the Farrington horse, with Gil. They all ride.

WIPE TO: INT. LARGE WESTERN BANK - MID-AFTERNOON

Transactions. Business as usual.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BANK

Pulling-up is a lumbering black carriage of grotesque and malignant Renaissance design.

INT. BANK

From the carriage TWO FINELY DRESSED MEN enter, assemble at either side of the main entrance. They're armed. The PEOPLE here hush themselves, but don't respond frightened as if a holdup were coming. No, the guards seem a common happening.

A great and sinister MAN, 50, steps from the carriage. He's well-dressed and warmly handsome. The man strides past his guards, walks to the closest TELLER, speaks in a deep voice:

"Where is Jeremiah Fenton?" The teller chokes her words. "In the back, Mayor McKesson." The Mayor turns, enters—

INT. ACCOUNT ROOM OF BANK

McKesson scans the mortified personnel. One in particular—a WEAK AND INNOCENT LOOKING MAN—cradles a ledger. He stares at McKesson in utter terror.

"Jeremiah Fenton. I suppose you *know* why I've come."

Jeremiah drops the ledger, bolts for the exit. He's easily caught by other tellers, who delight in offering the "traitor" to the Mayor.

McKesson to Fenton: "You thought you could snack from the giant's warehouse, unseen and undetected. Pity. Take him to The Square!"

The frail and timid Fenton is pulled from the bank by the other tellers. He's taken to—

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - MID-AFTERNOON

—where he's rapidly and viscously stripped naked.

Fenton is thrown in a sandbox of salt and quickly whipped to death by a circle of McKesson's formally attired men.

INT. BLACK CARRIAGE - MID-AFTERNOON

—as it rides away. McKesson sits with his aide, a sickly thin miser name of SKOATS, 65-ish. McKesson sours. "Have we at last capped the Fenton loss?"

Skoats: "For now, yes." Skoats rattles a document. "And here's something I think you'll like."

McKesson studies the paper. "Stolen mines. Excellent work, Skoats. How many before the end?"

Skoats grins. "A single sizable mine should do."

"Willoughby. Let us be about it." McKesson glares out the window. "Take a look, old friend. Soon the entire continent will be ours."

Skoats is more modest: "True. If your brother doesn't stop you first."

WIPE TO: EXT. HILLY, SCRUBBY DESERT - NEAR DUSK

Farrington, Olivia, Megiddo trot along. Megiddo sleeps.

Somewhere nearby, there's an EXPLOSION!

The group rounds a hillside, finds—

EXT. TITANIC ESCARPMENT

A vista of elevation and distant valleys borders non-reality.

A rhythmic clang is heard. A pan-banging, dancing CHINESE COOK stands behind a mess wagon ahead. Comic.

The man, Taing, tells the Farrington group they're in time for chow, part of a nearby mining-camp's meal.

Taing is thrilled by Olivia. She dismounts, starts to clean a plate of offered food. Gil and Megiddo continue, enter—

WILLOUGHBY MINING CAMP - DUSK

Small but active, the day's production nears close and chow.

They meet the large, powerfully framed owner of the mine, a handsome black man FRED WILLOUGHBY, 45. Farrington tells Willoughby about the ghost town ambush and of Megiddo being mentally unstable, in need of restraint. Gil doesn't speak of the ghost town's oddness, the black hole, etc.



Megiddo's ordered strapped to a beam in Willoughby mine's entrance for the night. Olivia enters scene, washed and beautiful. Gil does his best to conceal arousal. Willoughby asks they stay the night. Agreed.

WIPE TO: EXT. MCKESSON'S PALACE - DUSK

Of glorious and chaotic construct, the palace looms from a wintered desert.

INT. MCKESSON'S PALACE

McKesson strides hallways. He's joined by TWO AIDES, who walk behind. McKesson rounds a corner, enters—

SKYROOM

—a voluminous, shadowed chamber, three-stories high. Coliseum seat design, with a large circular stage-type area.

Assembled throughout the marbled seats are members of every race conceivable. They each wear formal and compatible diplomatic-style clothing. They stand.

McKesson steps to a podium. In the background, aides struggle with a massive, cogged wheel. The ceiling opens, reveals a multi-paned skylight filled with alien stars. McKesson speaks to the diverse mass, who stare with stoic expression. McKesson tells of great progress in the plan to erode their individual governments from within.

We discover these people are part of a global alliance seeking total domination. McKesson tells of "Legions" he will bring from the stars to secure complete earthly power once all world governments are sufficiently weakened.

"And that day is near. Thanks to you."

An aide enters, telling McKesson of visitors. McKesson nods, excuses himself, thanks the group again. They applaud.

EXT. MINING CAMP - NIGHT

In a ragged stall, Gil "showers" from a bucket above. He feels a stare and turns.

Olivia watches from a few feet away. He smiles, she doesn't.

Olivia walks off. Gil resumes his shower, puzzled.

## INT. MCKESSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

WAGON JIM and STOCKTON enter. A pair of losers, the Mayor's dirty workers. McKesson is pleased: "Good job the last few weeks. Another mine, and we're on to great things."

Only flunkies, Stockton and Wagon don't know about these "great things." McKesson reveals little, says to be patient. And he commands they destroy Willoughby's mine. Tonight.

An aide comes. Wagon and Stockton are dismissed, taken to—

## INT. HONEYCOMBED JAIL-CELLS

Within are odd humanoid BEINGS. Glowing, fluorescent green eyes, they are totally unfathomable, solidly jet black. Their skulls are tapered, like that of a wolf.

With help from the aide, Stockton and Wagon Jim remove one of the beings, who comes groggy but obedient. Stockton abuses the creature. It cowers at every syllable.

The creature is outfitted with a dynamite suicide vest. The creature is fed, loaded to Stockton's buckboard.

## EXT. WILLOUGHBY MINING CAMP - NIGHT

Over chow, a mingling of characters. Gil and Olivia meet STEVE GARCIA. He's distant, quiet, a Navajo Native, and a master of pyrotechnics. There's also ROBIN and PETER WILLOUGHBY. Sons of Fred, they help with the mine.

Peter is quite cocky. Robin is timid, not having established himself as a "man" in the eyes of the others. He's adopted, obvious by his color.

We learn more of Taing, the camp cook. A Chinese man of dignity and pleasantness, he's polite and loving.

A buckboard rides up, stops. It's Wagon Jim and Stockton, warmly received and introduced to Gil as "two of the finest working men around." Wagon has lascivious eyes for Olivia.

They all eat together. Goodly conversation in the classic fireside setting. Gil details some of his past, explains he's a librarian from London. Which no one really believes.

Olivia tells that she and her family were recently on the move due to oddities, what with the political and social tremors about. They were crossing Settler's Division when they stumbled on Megiddo's town.

The group agrees with the political concerns, discuss the fact that many nations worldwide have shown unusual aggression of late. Terrorism has become frequent. Even the US Army has darkened.

The men can't understand Olivia's strength, what with her family fresh gone and all. She tells them, "My life is filled with death. It's a habit."

Conversation turns to Gil, via Willoughby: "So they shot up your guide, huh? What the hell were you doin' out there to begin with?" Melancholy smile from Gil: "I'm on a search." Gil has tracked stolen mines, and this, he feels, is the last stop. The men are curious when Gil tells he's actually been looking for *their* mine, and warns of calamity to come.

Willoughby asks: "Tell me, son: What exactly do you want?" "Join me," says Gil. "Your mine will soon be rubble, and then you'll have nothing. Together we can fight a common foe."

Willoughby thinks him a "desert nut," wants to know who this so-called "foe" will be.

"A certain self-named Mayor. McKesson."

The men are shocked, as everyone knows of the Mayor. Gil is thought insane. Peter is peeved. "Nobody looks for the Mayor, foreigner. He looks for you."

Farrington is unaffected: "Regardless, he's a plug needing pulled. Sooner or later, his actions will violate all. Look at this."

Gil produces a crude map, shows a pattern of McKesson's doings— commissioning the destruction of tiny, fledgling but profitable mines. The men agree that the rash of mysterious destruction has grown, but they don't blame McKesson.

Farrington explains that once the mines are destroyed—and the victimized claim-holder discovers he hasn't the dollars or means to re-open—McKesson sends his "lawyers" to buy the mines for pennies. With his personal fortune he re-opens the operations to further spread his dominance and greed.

Silence. Olivia's fascinated. Willoughby shakes his head: "That is the *craziest* Goddamn thing I ever heard. Hell, boy, you better get back to the boat, 'cause you'll get eaten up tellin' tales like that. Besides, who put you in charge of nailin' McKesson?"

Gil: "It makes no difference why I'm about all this. It simply matters that he's stopped." Willoughby's unconvinced. "So how's all that gonna happen?"

Farrington: "Aside the fact he's going to sooner or later demolish your mine, McKesson is preparing to have all of us address him as Master." Laughter from around.

Robin asks how the Mayor—if he's responsible—has gotten away doing it for so long. Farrington smiles. "He's not subject to law and justice by human means." The men chuckle. Olivia listens.

Wagon is sarcastic: "Just suppose the Mayor's really doin' all this. How you gonna stop him, Englishman? Tea time?"

Laughter. Gil laughs, too: "A few tricks I've hidden to address the day...when it comes." Stockton shows disgust. "How you know so much about the Mayor?"

Farrington looks to nighted hills. "We were once quite close." Stockton laughs: "Sure ya were!"

Gil: "It's your choice, friends. Join now or find yourselves afloat in problems you can't begin to imagine."

Olivia speaks. "If they join, what's next?" Gil stands: "The invasion of McKesson's palace."

Willoughby's heard enough: "That's it! Jesus Christ, that's enough! Son, you been through a lot today. I'm gonna consider that and not kick your ass for comin' into m'camp spreadin' wild bullshit to the men. Now let's all just get some sleep. Then get your ass outta here. By mornin'!"

Gil: "Very well, Mr. Willoughby. But I've a feeling you'll soon beg for membership. For nothing else to do." Gil walks off, alone. The men tell Olivia to mind her interests and stay away from the nutty Brit.

EXT. ESCARPMENT EDGE - NIGHT

Farrington gazes to the starscapes. Olivia comes. "I don't think they believe you," she says. Gil's frustrated. "Idiots. I don't have to be here, you know. I came as a favor."

Olivia strokes his hair. "I believe." She looks off. "My father's mine was destroyed just a year ago. Men came later and bought it for birdseed. I could never understand why."

Gil's cautious: "You'd find me insane if I told you who and what McKesson is, and where he comes from."

Olivia: "Oh?" Gil smiles warmly, replies, "Come on. Let's get some sleep." As they turn to leave, Olivia pulls Gil to her, kissing him. "That's for the rescue," she says. They walk back to camp.

INT./EXT. MINE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tied to support beams, Megiddo sleeps.

A pair of blinking green dots appear at the entrance. They sneak forward, a humanoid silhouette attached. Megiddo opens his eyes, sees the creature from McKesson, screams.

The Willoughby camp awakes outside, comes running with torches and rifles. The weird creature shrinks back, trying to light its suicide vest. Several shots are fired, all of which literally just ricochet from the beast.

Stockton—pretending to side with Willoughby—grabs the creature: It caves his skull in a single vengeful blow.

And now its fuse is lit. The creature tries to get away, but is herded out of the mine to—

OUTSKIRTS OF CAMP

—where it's pressed down the hillside, toward the escarpment. Misstepping, the creature falls backward into a pit. A truly FANTASTIC EXPLOSION throws a chunky shower from the ravine.

"Awww, shit!" yells Willoughby, as the pit was actually an outhouse drain. Everyone is stunned and angry. Gil: "Sir, the Mayor has made his move." Farrington again tries to convince Willoughby of the dangers to come. "Join me." No dice. Farrington shrugs, tells him, "Then leave while you can. The mine is soon McKesson's." Olivia backs him.

And then Megiddo's discovered missing...as is Wagon Jim.

EXT. MCKESSON'S PALACE - NIGHT

Wagon Jim rides up with Megiddo, wild and panicked.

INT. MCKESSON'S OFFICE

Wagon Jim summons McKesson, tells him what happened. Skoats walks in midway. McKesson's keenly interested in Megiddo. "Fascinating name." Megiddo's told he may yet be useful. Megiddo's blissful at hearing.

McKesson is angered by Wagon Jim's incompetence. He kills the fool, replaces him positionally with Megiddo...who he sends out with yet another suicide creature.

McKesson turns to Skoats. "Gil has arrived. No question."

TIME CUT TO: EXT. MINING CAMP - PRE-DAWN

Taing walks to the chuck wagon. He yawns, stretches. There's a noise from the mine. Curious, Taing goes, looks in.

Twin dots of green light float inside. They blink twice, innocently. A fuse sparks. Horror on Taing's face as—

—a fabulous explosion destroys the mine!

LATER: Willoughby goes nuts. After bitter exchange and accusations, he finally decides to join Farrington. The others follow.

INT. HALLWAY OF MCKESSON'S PALACE - PRE-DAWN

An aide walks to the bulk of a silent double-door. He's about to knock when he sees, from under the door, a creeping and scintillating radiance. He's puzzled, knocks anyway. The radiance dies. A voice grants entry.

INT. MCKESSON'S QUARTERS

Vaulted ceilings, hardwood and marbled floor, columns, tapestries, bookshelves, mantles. Extravagant.

McKesson, room-center, sits robed with his back to the aide. He speaks without turning. "Yes, Den, what is it?" The aide reports that Willoughby's mine has fallen. The men of the Willoughby camp have vanished.

McKesson contemplates, instructs an immediate excavation of the mine. The aide turns, but the Mayor tells him to wait. "Alert the good Sheriff Lawson. I'd like to know what became of Willoughby's men. Be certain I'm not disappointed." The aide acknowledges, leaves.

After he's closed the door, the radiance rekindles beneath.

EXT. WILLOUGHBY MINING CAMP - DAWN

Gil prepares his horse. In the b.g. Willoughby's men set fire to the camp. Farrington walks to them.

Olivia now approaches the horse, blanket in hand. She opens a saddlebag, finds a strange, pinkish glow. She explores, pulls a small, wondrous crystalline tablet etched with tiny luminous pink runes. "What are you doing, miss?" It's Farrington, behind her. "That's not polite."

"What is this thing? Is that some kind of writing?"

Gil ignores, shuts the saddlebag. "It's nothing important." He walks away.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN OF KAMINŃSKI - MORNING

On horseback, Gil and Olivia enter the scene, followed by Willoughby and company. Gil leaves the group, says he'll soon return. Olivia accompanies.

The men mill about, buy a few supplies from the moderately populated outpost. They garner suspicious and prying stares. When regrouped, they encounter the "law" of the area, a band of SPIFFY-CLEAN DEPUTIES led by the rail-thin arrogance of SHERIFF LAWSON.

Lawson demands the whereabouts of Gil Farrington. They won't talk. They're all surrounded, taken by gunpoint to—

INT. CRAMPED, FETID JAIL CELL - DAYLIGHT

—where they're threatened with hard execution if Gil's whereabouts aren't spilled by morning.

TIME CUT: INT. CRAMPED, FETID JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Willoughby and his men wait anxious, exhausted. Farrington is cursed and conspired against. "He lured us! Hell, he probably works for McKesson!" Across the room, the JAIL-KEEPER laughs, tells them, "If I were you all, I'd stop wastin' my breath and start prayin'."

INT. LONELY JAILHOUSE - LATE THAT NIGHT

While all sleep, two drunk MEXICAN RINGERS enter the jail. The keeper is distracted, beaten. The place is set afire.

Gil's men scream for release, but the Ringers just laugh, then throw a stick of lit dynamite into the cell. Fuse burning, the caged men scramble for cover.

EXPLOSION! The wall is blown out, they cough and stumble to—

EXT. WESTERN TOWN - NIGHT

—and there's Gil, with three wagons of heavily armed men.

The Mexican Ringers are actually Poco and Chupo Rodriguez, part of Gil's clan. They assemble at Gil's side, laugh hard.

Olivia pilots one of the buckboards. With a shout and a warm reunion, the collective speeds into the night.

TIME WIPE TO: INT. COMPLEX IRIDESCENT CAVES - NIGHT

Caverns of multiple levels and myriad hues, complete with running water, vegetable gardens, and plenty of grassy areas for slumber. Walls are laced with luminous minerals.

A base camp has formed. Gil's former band mingles with the fresh initiates. Farrington details the McKesson palace invasion. They plan to stow inside Outhouse Delivery Wagons during the work-drop for McKesson's fields. Gil's second-hand man, Poco, has arranged the deal.

Willoughby asks if there'll be a problem with increased US Army patrols. Gil doesn't see it. They set for guard duty. Gil is last. They all retire.

INT. CAVERNS - NIGHT

All sleep. A silhouette stirs near the stream. It's Gil, drinking a handful of water. There's movement, he turns with pistol ready.

It's Olivia. She walks to him, stares. He doesn't know what to make of it. She smiles. "So, I want you." But Gil is cautious: "Why?"

EXT. MCKESSON'S PALACE GARDENS - MORNING

McKesson has breakfast, in elegance. Sheriff Lawson rides up with a deputy pair, reports that Gil's men have escaped. McKesson glares. "I'll have to see that you haven't the chance to further your incompetence."

Lawson is hideously killed. McKesson sends patrols to find Gil's party.

TIME WIPE TO: EXT. ROAD TO MCKESSON'S PALACE - MID-AFTERNOON

Driving the Outhouse Delivery Wagons en route to invasion, Farrington's party encounters the Mayor's guards. They're stopped for inspection. Olivia, reining one of the outhouse buckboards, is briefly hassled.

One of the guards has a whim, wants to open and search an outhouse. He does so, finding a "drunk" Garcia. The guard is disgusted, slams the door.



The Guard tells the driver, Willoughby, to be on his way and take the stink-tramp with him. They rattle onto the property.

EXT. SHIPPING BAY - MID-AFTERNOON

The group pulls to the dock, unloads their outhouse cargo. It's taken, McKesson's DOCK WORKERS are silently immobilized. The hidden bunch piles from outhouses, enter—

MCKESSON'S PALACE

—with Gil in the lead. The assault begins, dynamite and pistols blazing. A wheeled Bulldog gatling gun is assembled out of two outhouses, it's rolled-in by Poco and Garcia.

Tremendous battle, with casualties on both sides. McKesson's men, formal duds and all, take a systematic and thorough beating. In the melee, Robin wanders, finds—

INT. SKYROOM

As he stares in awe, McKesson enters. When Robin turns, McKesson mutates to the monstrosity of his true being: An ultra-intelligent off-world evil. He kills Robin utterly.

INT. MCKESSON'S PALACE - MID-AFTERNOON

The invasion wanes as McKesson's men gain ground.

And from a mezzanine, the alien Light Cyclone arrives. A spinning, blurred tornado, it jettisons bolts of energy, vapors Farrington's men one by one. It's too terrible a foe. They must all flee. On the way out, Gil sees McKesson's "human" form striding a stair. Gil drops his weapons, tries to pull something from his longcoat. Before he can, McKesson sends "energy" toward him.

McKesson and Farrington then "phase" to a different reality. Willoughby, wounded, is taken away as well.

EXT. SURREAL PLAIN - DAYLIGHT

The house, furnishings, the battle: all gone. The three stand on a plain of red cracked desert, with swells of thunderstorm overhead. Four golden suns sit on a ragged horizon. Winds fly. In this physical state, none can harm the other.

From a distance, McKesson taunts Gil: "I see you finally came, brother."

"Yes, Mikél. And this time I have a surprise." Gil tries to grab something from his longcoat again, but is blown backward. McKesson bellows: "Not today."

INT. MCKESSON'S PALACE

The "phase" violently breaks, Farrington and Willoughby sail across the room, crash. They rise, dash to—

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

—barely finding safety beyond McKesson's keep.

INT. PALACE

McKesson ponders amid the rubble. Skoats approaches, McKesson becomes intense: "Gil hasn't yet figured the use of the artifact. I must let him do so."

"Rather foolish isn't it?" Skoats says. "After all, he'll just use it against you."

"No. I have a plan."

INT. CAVES HQ - DAYLIGHT

Gil's people regroup, assess damages. Willoughby confronts Farrington, demands an explanation. The others share the feeling. Gil tells them he's more than a librarian...

INT. RUSTIC GALLERY - DAYLIGHT

FLASHBACKS (SERIES OF SHOTS)

Gil owned, with his brother Mikél, a vintage (antique) art gallery in London, England. There were always problems with ownership, as Mikél practiced cruelty and greed. Farrington kept his brother constantly at bay, however, as he owned a greater portion of the properties.

EXT. CHINESE VALLEY - OVERCAST

Five years ago, a massive flood swept a remote area in China. When dried, the torrent left exposed an ancient temple. It was wholly alien.

EXT. SHIPPING DOCK - DAYLIGHT

Gil funded an immediate expedition.

EXT. TEMPLE SITE - DUSK

Among trinkets and valuables was found a positively exquisite artifact, its design unfathomable.

INT. GALLERY - NIGHT

It was shipped in haste to Gil. He didn't understand the piece, and tried several physical investigations. In his tinkering and ignorance, Gil released a sleeping entity from the artifact, a seeming lovely and sensitive off-world "fey" or "faerie".

At first benign, it flitted about providing a show of light and magic for Mikél and Gil. But then it turned, thriving by Mikél's negativity. Finally it physically fused with Mikél, creating McKesson.

"So you see, gentlemen, McKesson's not quite human." With power growing more and more each day, Mikél, in a flurry, set out for parts unknown.

Farrington wrote him off as insane— until another shipment came from the dig: a *second* artifact, a crystalline tablet etched with pink luminous runes. The tablet detailed the true nature of the "sleeping" denizen: A potent and deadly alien force, requiring but a final artifact for its completion.

A letter from China arrived weeks later, telling that Mikél had killed the dig site manager, demanding the final artifact and the pink rune tablet. Mikél then made his way to England.

Farrington sold his own part of the gallery in a rush. But Mikél arrived quickly, demanded the artifact and tablet.

Gil had taken precautions, hiding the pieces. In wildness, his brother accused Gil of having shipped the items to their parents, who owned a small plantation in the States. Mikél tried to kill Farrington, but finally disappeared.

Weeks passed, when Gil received a letter from American authorities: his parents had been brutally murdered.

EXT./INT. SEA SHIP'S CABIN - DAYLIGHT

Gil set-out for America, determined to destroy his brother. He knew the key to all success lay within the pink tablet.

BACK TO: CAVES

Farrington couldn't translate the tablet, and knew of only one man, the Greek professor Skouras, who *might* be able— but that man was stateside, and besides, "The gent and I aren't quite up to terms...if you understand what I'm saying."

Gil hoped having the pink artifact alone would end the troubles. With nary a thought, Gil abandoned his life, blamed himself for the situation. "After all, I gave the beast its freedom." Gil has pursued his brother ever since, as his brother's been unsuccessfully in pursuit of *him*...because Mikél needs the artifact pieces to become what he must.

"So where's this artifact?" Farrington says he tried to activate the device in the palace. "I'm guessing the proper use of the thing is detailed in the last tablet. I should have known." The group doesn't like it. Willoughby: "Why in hell did you lead us into this shit if you didn't have the damned tablet translated or know what it would do?"

Farrington is nearly without words. "I honestly didn't think it important. I thought possessing the artifact was enough. I was wrong. And, I lost track of Skouras. He was last known to be in this area of the west, near the town of Hargrave."

"Not far from here," says Olivia. Willoughby is dumbfounded. "This is voodoo bullshit."

Gil says he'll ride to Hargrave for a proper and final Skouras translation. *If* he can find him. This doesn't please the group but nevertheless, Gil saddles-up, and with Olivia leaves for Hargrave.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

In the crowds, two figures move. Gil and Olivia, incognito. They encounter problems with increased US Army patrols on the platform. A strong military presence has clutched the town. Farrington: "This has something to do with McKesson's plan, for sure. God, he's controlling the bloody armies!"

WIPE TO: EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL, HARGRAVE - MID-AFTERNOON

Gil checks Olivia in.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAYLIGHT

Gil rides, looks about. He gets a few stares, but continues.

## EXT. MAIN STREET SHOPPE

A sign reads HORN FEED AND BRIDLE. Gil dismounts, enters. He's uncomfortable.

## INT. SHOPPE - DAY

Sacks of grain, bridles, horseshoes. A clerk, HORN, 43, is there. He eyes Gil with contempt. "Look who's here. What's to keep me from blasting your head, Farrington?"

Gil is blank. "I suppose the fact I can out-draw you by a full second." Horn doesn't respond. "Yes, I guess so." He faces Gil. "What do you want?"

"I must find Skouras. I need his help." Horn is mystified. "You think my cousin will *help* after—"

"I was different then." Horn continues: "They say you killed your parents." Gil: "Don't be daft. I've killed no one. Well, a few bad blokes, yes. Please. Skouras?"

Horn goes beneath a counter. He comes-up with a shotgun. But Gil has out-witted him, as he holds his six-shooter high, from a completely different angle.

"Two can play." Horn shrugs and disarms: "Reckon so."

## INT. ARCANE SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

Farrington enters, moves between shelves of tomes and sundries. Deserted. Gil turns a corner where a DARK AND HAIRY MAN, 61, ponders geological samples. A massive periodic table plasters the wall.

Gil: "Greetings." The man turns. Older, greyed, and stern beyond description, this obviously Mediterranean gent can't believe his eyes. "You!"

Gil: "Yes, me. And I need your help." An argument follows, then Gil is attacked by fist and foot. He allows the beating, deciding it best to simply take his medicine.

## EXT. UPSCALE HOTEL, HARGRAVE - FADING DAYLIGHT

Two EERIE FIGURES move to the back. One climbs toward—

## INT. OLIVIA'S ROOM

She sits preening, hears something. She turns, screams.

## INT SKOURAS' SHOP - NIGHT

Gil nurses his wounds, attended by Skouras. Gil sips tea, daubs a bloody lip. "Nice work," says Gil. Skouras chuckles. "Now that it's done, what is it you need?"

Gil hands him the tablet. Skouras is utterly intrigued, begins an immediate cross-reference and translation. He then tells the story...

In times long ago, the being *Shös-Kae* was put in charge of the earth's safety by an unknown race of which he was member. *Shös-Kae* surveyed his alliance from a vantage known as the Skyroom, which was little more than a dimensional hole in space through which he and his lower officers passed.

By his own arrogance, *Shös-Kae* deteriorated, forming a plan to ignite an ultimate war: A battle between all of primitive earth that would secure his rulership over each.

In time his superiors discovered the plot.

The Skyroom was shut, *Shös-Kae's* officers banished. *Shös-Kae* himself was dethroned and imprisoned amongst the men he'd have made slaves, being buried in a forgotten Chinese temple.

Eternal, antagonizing punishment indeed.

Skouras tells of something positive in the ordeal: "The same artifact used to empower this devil will also snuff him...but unless wielded properly, the weapon will only provide him a means for completion."

Gil is fascinated: "So he can't risk destroying himself while trying to analyze the artifact's design. He's waiting for *me* to figure it out! That's why he didn't stop us during the palace raid."

Skouras nods, tells Farrington of the most dire find—McKesson still must open a link to his past wicked alliance. At the final hour, with artifact and Skyroom secure, he plans to import his banished minions.

Skouras asks if Gil's seen the Skyroom. He has. Skouras tells Gil the forming of the dimensional "gate" will have a rippling effect: Other such holes, not nearly so refined, will open nearby.

"Yes, I've seen one. A black-ish portal." Farrington knows he must re-invade McKesson and try the artifact's power. Gil pulls from his coat a very ordinary bracer: The Artifact.

Gil thanks Skouras, leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Farrington enters. His room's been upturned and ravaged. Olivia is gone.

WIPE TO: INT. MCKESSON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

McKesson stands, guards bring Olivia. McKesson questions, wants the artifact's location. She honestly doesn't know. McKesson frowns: "We'll see if you can perhaps become...enlightened." She's taken away, spitting rage.

INT. IRIDESCENT CAVES HQ - LATE AFTERNOON

Farrington returns, only to find a solitary drunk, Garcia. The others have abandoned. Garcia says they've gone to town. Gil is livid.

EXT. WESTERN TOWN OF KAMINŹKI - DUSK

Abuzz with incoming troops: Canadian, French, American, British, African, Asian, Native. Filtered in the thousands. Yes, the war of McKesson's bidding is near.

INT. SALOON - DUSK

Gil's men, mostly boozed-up. Farrington enters, has a fist-skirmish with Willoughby. Afterwards, they laugh about it.

Only four will re-join Gil for the palace raid. Gil doesn't care: The only matter is Olivia's freedom and McKesson's end.

EXT. DESECRATED RUINS - DAYLIGHT

They return to Megiddo's ghost town.

INT. DEMOLISHED DEMI-CHURCH/PAGAN CHAMBER - DAYLIGHT

They dig the rubble.

INT. SKYROOM - MID-AFTERNOON

McKesson is here. Skoats enters, reports: Political intolerance engaged, entire spectrums of troops await McKesson's command. He's cautiously pleased: "Allow Gil to find me, with no interference. I must have the artifact."

## INT. PAGAN CHAMBER - AFTERNOON

The dimensional "black hole" duct, again. One by one Gil and his men jump into the strange circle, transporting to—

## INT. MCKESSON'S PALACE - AFTERNOON

They land between the walls! They've got to find a way out. By a series of rotting ladders and walkways, they proceed.

## EXT. BUTTE - DAYLIGHT

A Canadian General scans distant hillsides, sees them lined with the silent, indifferent mass of assembling US Army and Asian forces, mixed with additional Native Americans and others. Further on, a towering cloud tells of advancing Central American troops. A gigantic group of force this entire lot, widely and confusingly mixed.

## INT. BASE OF MCKESSON'S PALACE

Gil and his men continue the wall route, come to an exit. They walk on, finding a spiral stair to—

## INT. SKYROOM

They walk room center. A vibration begins. The floor moves upward, the paned skylight grows closer. Glass breaks as the seating pushes through. The movement stops.

Willoughby looks over the side and can't believe his vision.

They're at the pinnacle of some titanic tower. Dark oceans crash a quarter-mile beneath. Skeletal incandescent forms cruise the depths, like dead fish...or dead men and women.

Megiddo appears, tries to coax the artifact from Gil. No dice. Megiddo then points to an incentive— a black-draped mass near the spire's edge. Shafts of radiance fall from the stars, lighting the form. The covering pulls back. There's Olivia, meshed with an elaborate and hideous machine. Prongs and braces hook her flesh, beginning a slow pull whose goal is clear: Moving every joint in her body to its maximum reverse position, a micrometer at a time.

## EXT. HILLSIDE - DAYLIGHT

A NATIVE CHIEF meets with a MEXICAN, CANADIAN, and FRENCH GENERAL. They talk, await the final McKesson commands.



Many intercuts of silent and stoic warrior assemblages on both sides. A massive, unnaturally allied gathering.

INT. ATOP SKYROOM TOWER

Olivia's torture advances.

Megiddo's attacked by Gil. Incredible fight as Megiddo has clearly gotten reserve power from McKesson. Megiddo forces Gil's face in a brazier. Gil quickly flips, smashes the brazier on Megiddo. The old man's clothing catches fire. He burns quickly in green and gold flames. His ashes assemble into tarantulas that cast themselves over the spire to drown.

McKesson appears. He and Farrington have words. McKesson wants the artifact. Gil refuses. Olivia's body bends its next centimeter. Gil can't stand it further: He throws a bracer to McKesson, who eagerly grabs it up, puts it to use.

No go. McKesson tries again. Nothing. He turns to Farrington: Gil has the *actual* artifact, has managed fitting it to his forearm. "Let's just see what this thing can do." A sub-bass drone begins. Gil cringes to the ground, a lightshow of pain envelops his silhouette. Marble at his feet starts to melt.

INT. MCKESSON'S OFFICE - DAYLIGHT

Skoats sits before a telegraph machine, hears commotion from the Skyroom. He taps a few words on the telegraph, exits.

INT. US ARMY COMMAND - DAYLIGHT

A McKesson hired AMERICAN GENERAL gets the Skoats telegraph. He conveys to a lesser officer: "The battle begins."

INT. ATOP TOWER

Gil in throes. McKesson laughs, thinks he's seen his brother's demise. A silence comes. From the starscape a "hand" of lightning suddenly takes Gil's artifact away.

Gil's form blurs, breaks-up. With blaring sonics, he translates to rainbow hues— a multi-shifting being of light and energy. On cue, the incandescent skeletal beings ascend from seascapes below. Their forms wrap in black cloth— robes of hallowed and treacherous weave.

Hoods cover withered alien faces. They bear fantastically crafted swords and spears. McKesson tries to flee, but they encircle him, hacking and prodding him to bits.

Once finished, they disperse to their seascape as the "New Farrington" exits the tower. Gil shoots through the palace, destroys McKesson's men in the wake. Olivia is released.

EXT. ABOVE BATTLEFIELD - DAYLIGHT

Under a sky of gloom, the tremendous international armies rush one another. And then, clouds part. Yellow poles of luminance shine forth, block all aggression. Choral music sounds. Hostilities terminate.

Detonations of sonic brilliance spread through both sides.

EXT: BATTLEFIELD

The armies find themselves standing foolishly, as if waking from a night's sleep, pants at their knees. So to speak.

TIME CUT: INT. MOVING TRAIN - MORNING

SUPER: The Next Day

Olivia sits, stares melancholy through a train window. Behind, dressed in their "Sunday" clothes, are Gil's remaining men. They eye one another, bitterness about them. Poco says, "This is loco! Farrington hasn't left us. I think maybe he siesta somewheres and laughs at us coyotes".

The other men disagree. Willoughby: "We waited a long time to give him a funeral. If he was alive, we'd have seen somethin' by now. He's gone."

Olivia tears.

EXT. FARRINGTON'S ABODE - LATE AFTERNOON

A carriage pulls before a fabulous dwelling of extreme wealth: Gil's house. The "clan," in awe, exits and moves to—

EXT. FUNERAL GARDENS - DAYLIGHT

The Gil Farrington funeral service begins. A minister walks to the coffin, his back to the small audience.

The minister turns, facing them. A smile spreads wide.

It's Gil.

FINISH